

Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

N° 30 Spring 2015

Our tireless workers!!!

*Claude Chabot
Founder of our association!*

*Many thanks
for both of you ...*



*Diane Chabot-Pard
Our researcher!*



Les Chabotteries is a quarterly magazine published by the Association des Chabot.

Association des Chabot et Les Chabotteries

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Notice

Please note that the date to renew your membership now appears on the mailing label on the back of your newsletter.

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Membership Dues

Regular Member (Canadian) \$25 CDN
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☞ Table of Contents ☞

Message from the President..... 3
 Explanatory box 3
 The Chabotteries on your USB 3
 The artistic legacy of a generation 4-5
 The gold rush 6-8
 Beekeeper in Ste Blandine, Rimouski 9
 Bicycles Claude Chabot, passion on two wheels..... 9
 Important notice to Members 10
 Andre Chabot, countryside garage owner 11-15
 Five generations 16

President's Message



As winter is already fading, spring is just around the corner. I hope it was not too hard and you took some time to visit your families and talk about your Association! Several modifications on the association's website were made in French (English version will be made when the French website will be ended): an online store was added, several lists were added (a wedding album, birthdays, and obituaries). A Facebook group and video, etc. have also been added. And that's not all. Check out our site to see what else has been updated. All suggestions are welcome.

As always, I must repeat that we need your help, dear members, please support your Association. In order to offer you an interesting newsletter (The *Chabotteries*) we need to keep it diverse and growing, we need beautiful true stories or facts that will interest members. Tell us about your parents, your children or your grandchildren who have distinguished themselves, regardless of the field. If you would like to write an article, but feel incapable or unable to, let us know, and we will be happy to help you write it. If you are aware of the exploits of any Chabot, let us know and we will contact you to write on the subject.

Do you have the talent for writing, editing, bilingualism, or recruitment, etc.? Then you can help us. We need help to translate the texts of our website among others and for the texts of *Chabotteries*. I want to thank those who do it now. You know the proverb (the more fools we are, the more fun it is) so I tell you, the more volunteers we have, the easier it will be.

Why not treat yourself or someone else to a promotional item in the image of our association?

I will add, in all the newsletters, a notice reminding you of the expiration date of your subscription. In this way, we will have less postage and you will know when you have to renew your membership.

I dreamed that the Chabot Association had the most beautiful, the most energetic, the most alive Association and that it becomes a model for others.

I offer you a huge challenge. You're talking of your association with two Chabot and they suggest they do the same on their side.

The association is a reflection of his members and members are the reflect of their Association.



Explanation of the first page

You will notice on the cover of your *Chabotteries* the photos of two artisans of your association. Claude Chabot, the founder of our association, as you all know. Diane Chabot-Pard who does the research. Did you know that Claude and his colleague Diane work in the shadow for hours and hours to add information to the Brother's Keeper database in order to have more information about Chabot? To show them our gratitude, we offer them the first page which they fully deserve. Thank you on behalf of the Chabot Association.

Announcement

The article *The Artistic Legacy of a Generation* was incomplete in the last newsletter. We decided to rewrite. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused to the family concerned.



The *Chabotteries* on your USB key

The USB key, provided to members at our last annual meeting, contained the first 30 issues of the newsletter *The Chabotteries*. So you can continue to enrich your collection, each next issue will be published on the website of the Association in PDF format, which you can download and put on your key.

It is possible to get that key for the modest sum of \$10.00 by contacting one of the board members whose details appear on the site. You will also be able to keep your documents about the Association and your family on the USB.

The Artistic Legacy of a generation

The story begins with Armand Chabot



Son of Edward Chabot and Josephine Fontaine, Armand Chabot married Lucienne Mondou in St. Nazaire d'Acton, Bagot county, on August 1st, 1933. From this union were born ten children who spent their childhood in the train station, where their father worked as a station master.

Armand was an intelligent, resourceful, and proud man. Being station master was more than a job to him, it was a calling. Son, Jacques Chabot spent a few months of his youth with Armand to learn the stationmaster business. Whatever brought him to it, initiated the work he followed at the station of St. François-de-la-Rivière-du-Sud near Montmagny.

Armand had to do it all: keep the logbook, send telegraph messages, inform travelers of departure and arrivals, and to greet those arriving. In order to facilitate his work, he had installed a long copper wire on the track that rang a bell in his office to advise him a few minutes before the train arrived. Also, to increase efficiency, he slept on a folding bed that he manufactured by himself and he was keeping away before the arrival of the the night travelers.

Chabot was working seven days a week throughout the year until his retirement in 1971 in St. Cyrille-de-Wendover, Drummond co. in the last station that was under his care. It disappeared from the land-

scape in 1972. Only this picture remains.

There was not only the train whistle that echoed through the station, but the screams of his ten children playing and running among the travelers. All inherited the intelligence, resourcefulness, pride of their father, and a predisposition to travel, aroused by their environmental games. This was especially true of his eldest daughter, Pierrette Chabot, who was the Passenger Service Agent for Air Canada airline. A way of pursuing the work of his father

The last child of the family, Colin Chabot, inherited, in addition to these many qualities and the instructions of his father, the artistry of his mother. This allowed him to study art and pursue a painting career punctuated by numerous solo and group exhibitions throughout Quebec.

He was a participant in *Baie Saint Paul Symposium**, through the purchase of his paintings by important collectors. In addition, he won several awards and was cited as an important witness to the hyper-realistic movement in Quebec Art History courses at the University of Quebec in Montreal.

* The International *Symposium of Contemporary Art of Baie-Saint-Paul* is an artistic event that enjoys international recognition and is focused on present-time visual art forms. It is a recurring activity organized by the *Musée d'art contemporain de Baie-Saint-Paul* (Québec, Canada).





Today, Colin teaches painting to retirees in various community centers in Montreal. One can find more information and all of his works on his website: <http://www3.sympatico.ca/colin.chabot>

The Armand influence is also prevalent in two of his granddaughters.

Eve Chabot, daughter of Mario Chabot and Denise Aubry, is as resourceful as her grandfather Colin and as thoughtful as her paternal grandmother. There is also the legacy of her drawing talent from her maternal grandfather, Jean Marie Aubry. It is natural that she is intended for a second artistic career. Today, she creates paintings and digital illustrations in her studio located in the Plateau Mont-Royal in Montreal.

In addition to participating in numerous exhibitions and events, her illustrations are found on the cover of youth novels published by *Editions Pierre Tisseyre*. In 2013, she won an award in the *Boréal*,* category: "audiovisual artistic creation" during the *Boreal Congress* which meets annually in Montreal and Quebec alternating between literature authors and other creators within the Fantasy and science fiction and fantasy genres here and abroad.

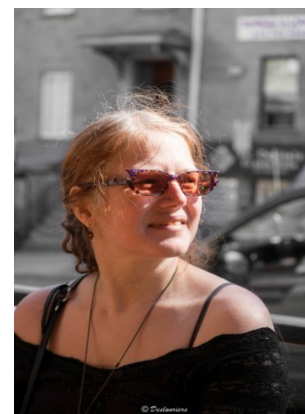


For more information on her work and to see her work, visit her website: <http://www.evechat.com>

Marie Geneviève, Pierre André Chabot's and Ginette Poisson daughter, works as a filmmaker. Although never having had the chance to know her paternal grandfather, she always had a fascination with trains. A traveler at heart like

all her aunts and uncles, she wandered through Europe, South America, and West Africa, among others, where she shot two of her documentaries *Good luck, NFB*, 2005 and *The Bronze People*, 2011.

With her artistic temperament and the extraordinary family that was raised beside the track, no wonder she got the call to adventure. Her imagination was fed by little mundane stories. In 2009, she left Montreal to live in the North of Québec, where she continues her artistic projects. She also drew the subject for the realization of *Waiting for Spring*, for which she received the 2014 Jutra for best documentary feature.



Finally, in the fall of 2011, the *Chabot Association* held its fifth annual meeting in St. Cyrille-de-Wendover. The opportunity would have been ideal to talk about Armand Chabot, of his family, and their contribution to the people of this land. Unfortunately, the issue has not been addressed. I wanted in a few words and great pictures to say, "Congratulations

You may find further information on Marie-Geneviève Chabot's career on the following link:

<http://www.arrq.qc.ca/index.php?Section=recherche&vOption=bottin&vAlpha=C&vCodePRS=1608>

With the participation of Eve Chabot and Marie Genevieve Chabot



Claude Chabot



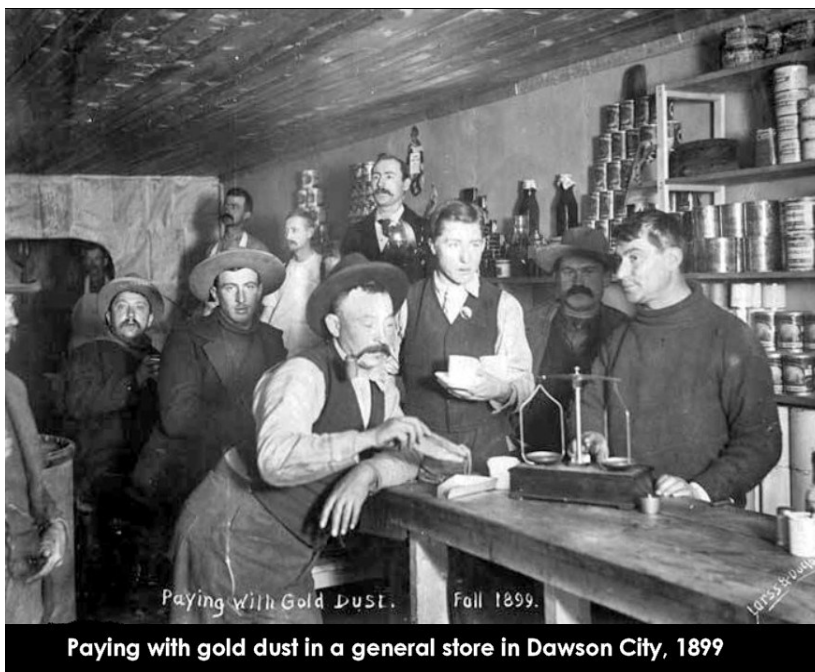
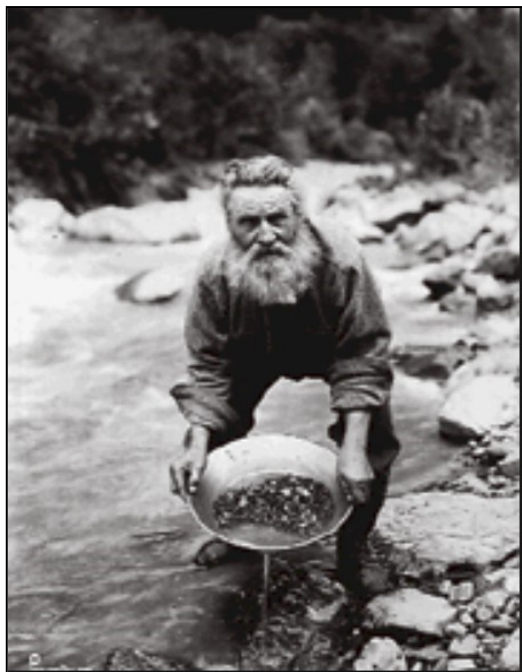
Diane Chabot-Pard

The Gold Rush



Dawson, Yukon 1899

Who has not already seen a movie which related the miserable life of men who were been called by the gold fever? Who are these men, with the hope of discovering gold, sold everything believing they would make fortune? It is from the nineteenth century that the gold rush began and significant immigration occurred in the Klondike region, near Dawson City in Yukon... estimated majority of prospectors (60 to 80%) were Americans.



Indeed, In summer of 1896, significant gold deposits were found in Rabbit Creek, one tributary of the Klondike River. Less than a year later, a gold rush began, attracting up to 100,000 people in the Dawson City area. For two years, the Klondike brought all those who dreamed to get rich quickly in North America.

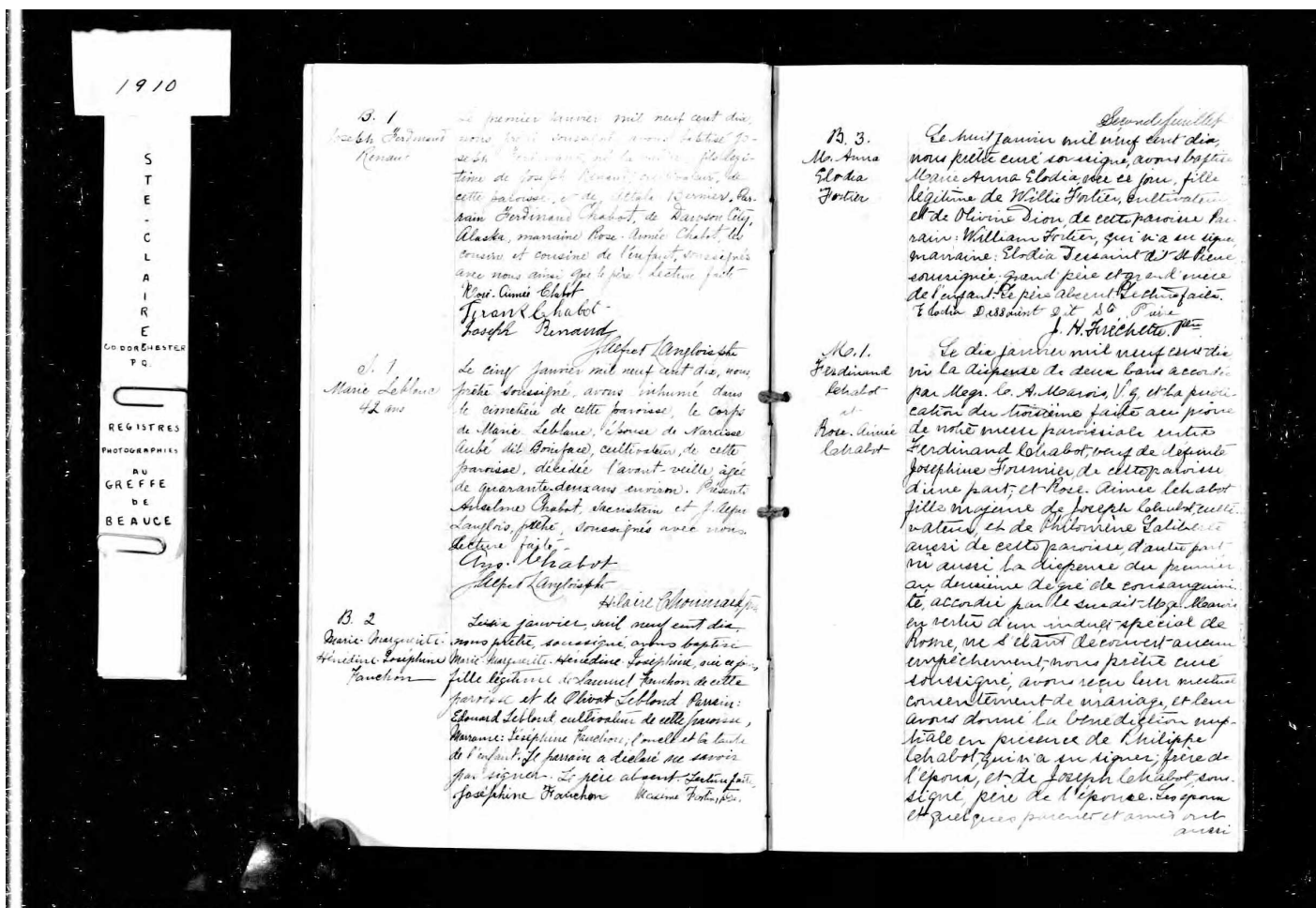
Eugene Laflamme, my grandmother Imelda Chabot's brother who wanted to spice up his life too. He was born in 1894 in a small village called St. Henedine of Dorchester. He was a barber and a hotel owner in Cochrane, Ontario before joining the Canadian Armed Forces, already in the forties, with goal of protecting his country during the second World War. By chance, the armistice was signed, marking the end of hostilities. My great uncle Eugene did'nt serve his country but instead the Canadian Forestry corps send him to monitor the forests of British Columbia as a forest ranger. Just like those who lived the enthusiasm of the gold rush, my great uncle Eugene felt he could become a little richer than what he earned at the time, so he became a miner in a gold mine in the same province. He did not become rich, but he was able to build his investments in gold mines. His life as a miner caused him health problems that he had all his life. This was caused by the well water in the mine which was loaded with arsenic. Naturally very frugal, living a humble life, he remained single all his life. At his death, he brought joy to his brothers and sisters in assuring their inheritance.



Rose-Aimee Chabot

Another person I want to talk about is Ferdinand Chabot alias Frank Chabot. Born in 1856 in St. Claire, Dorchester co., he was the son of Joseph Chabot and Marguerite Nadeau. He married in his first marriage, Josephine Fournier on October 24, 1881 in St. Claire, Dorchester co, but Josephine died in 1906 having only one son named Joseph. Ferdinand remarried Rose Aimee Chabot (daughter of Joseph Chabot and Philomeme Laliberte) on January 10, 1910. We will lose track of him for a long time until we find the census of 1920 in Minneapolis, Hennepin County in the State of Minnesota in the United States. They had one child, a daughter named Rose Aimee Chabot who is born in 1891 and who will die seven days later. It is said in the census that he is a contractor for the rail road bridges. After doing research on the internet, I found this company as being building bridges for the railroad.

We know that many years later Ferdinand Chabot was also driven by gold fever. In a 1900 census, he was the owner of a saloon and the *Seattle Hotel* in Dawson. We have reported in our newsletter the *Chabotteries #19* for the summer of 2012, that an un-named Chabot owned the *Montreal Hotel*. Is this the same individual? We probably will never know. What is certain is that he had actually lived in Dawson City, Yukon; because they found writings that he and his wife acted as Godfather and Godmother on the occasion of a baptism in St. Claire in 1910.



Text from the register of the parish of St. Claire, Dorchester co., Quebec 1910 (top left) says the following:

On January 1900 we the undersigned parish priest, have named Joseph Ferdinand Renaud, born the day before, the legitimate son of Joseph Renaud and Athala Bernier of this parish. Ferdinand Chabot Godfather, from Dawson City, Alaska and Rose Aimee Chabot, both cousin's child. Undersigned with us as well as the father after the reading. Signed by Rose Aimée Chabot, Frank Chabot, Joseph Renaud and Hilaire Chouinard, priest. At the right is registered the marriage of Ferdinand and Rose Aimée Chabot Chabot. Ferdinand (alias Frank Chabot) died April 17, 1937 in his native village of St. Claire, Dorchester Co, and his wife Rose Aimee Chabot on April 15, 1944.

Before closing, I would like to say that the son of Ferdinand Chabot and Josephine Fournier, Joseph E. Chabot married to Clara R. Gracek had four children and their descendants still live in Minnesota. Other Chabot families from Quebec also live there

Diane Chabot Pard



Beekeeper in St. Blandine, Rimouski



Dreaming of a stable and peaceful life, he and his wife started beekeeping training. Subsequently, they acquired a farm in St. Blandine and then added the needed equipment and purchased the bees. And, here, the wheel starts turning to the sale of this delicious produce crafted by his swarm of bees. This gives them a life of peace, with odors which change as the seasons go by.



Although nowadays the presence of street gangs worries people, this gang leader was far from frightening by the presence of bees, nectar robbers, in the community of Bas-St-Laurent. Indeed, his team was more effective, because it had reconnaissance battalion who localized the desired loot and the nectar gathering bees (workers) of the precise location of the flight, doing the dance of the sun (a kind of GPS).

Now retired, the couple live in St. Augustin near Quebec on a dream land, halfway between the countryside and the city.

With this family history, I hope I have brought another way of seeing and protecting these gangs.

A Chabot, gang leader

Hundreds or even thousands of bees were heading to the scene of the invasion to collect and transport the precious pollen to enrich the chief and his queen. You've probably guessed, Jean Guy Chabot was a beekeeper. The whole township flourished thanks to the presence of these honey workers. Pollination collateral benefits extended over several miles around. The community of this beautiful area enjoyed this chief and his well-organized gang. They would gather at dusk in their bunkers commonly called hives.

Jean-Guy Chabot is from St. Anselme of Bellechasse co. and is the son of Jules Chabot and Cecile Dorval. He married Lucille Vallee on the August 29, 1970 at St. Germain, Rimouski. They are the parents, of Sylvia, Nicole, and Eric Chabot. Jean made his living as a telephone technician in this great region and his wife was a telephone operator.



Claude Chabot

The Board of Directors wishes a very happy birthday to all the members, their partners and parents. Health and long life! They offer condolences to those who lost loved ones.

Bicycles Claude Chabot, passion on two wheels



Photo: From St. François, proud of his work, Claude Chabot presents one of his bikes, the made to size "Chabot"

<http://www.estrieplus.com/contenu-1599-14349.html>

There is no doubt of the expertise and know-how of Claude Chabot, owner of *Bicyclettes Claude Chabot*, in Cookshire Eaton. People from around St. François, Coaticook, and Sherbrooke make the journey to his shop without hesitation, because they know they will have service tailored to their expectations.

Passionate about cycling, Claude listens carefully to the needs of his customers, not in order to sell a bike; but to meet the requirements of each customer, while taking into account their planned budget. *Bicyclettes Claude Chabot* offers a wide selection of bicycles including: hybrid, mountain, cycling, child sizes, and the brand ridden by *Louis Garneau*.* If the desired brand is not available in stores, Chabot is able to procure them at competitive prices. With over forty years of experience, the owner can go from just a part and build a custom bicycle with the characteristics and needs of each customer. Whether they're looking for a touring bike, a hybrid, a mountain, or road bike, they only have to choose the components and the specialist will do the rest.

Bicyclettes Claude Chabot also offers a variety of related products such as: *Louis Garneau* designer clothes, accessories like backpacks, bags, alarms, cycle-meters, cycle racks, and shoes for cycling or walking to name a few. Of these, the owner is proud to present the *Arkel* bicycle touring bag which is made in Sherbrooke. This high-end product is guaran-

teed for life against any manufacturing defects.

Bicyclettes Claude Chabot also offers a bike jersey on which has been printed the logos of the following sponsors: *Balances Dodier*, *Ceramique Vachon* and *Johnson Batteries*.

Committed to providing quality products and competitive prices, the shop is now located in Cookshire Eaton, and is part of a group of merchants *Action Bike More*. (AVP)



Important Notice to members

I would first like to thank you for supporting your Association by renewing your membership for one year, five years, or life.

Now, as it is very expensive to send the renewal notice by mail, I thought, for reasons of economy, we would add the expiration date of your subscription on your mailing label on the back of your newsletter *the Chabotteries*. In this way, I believe you will not have to ask if it was paid or not.

At the same time, members who agree to receive the newsletter electronically would also allow the association to achieve savings. Of course, we will continue to mail newsletters to members who do not have access to the Internet and those who would like to continue to receive their newsletters in print format.

It is important to note that you are given a grace period of one year to pay for your membership. Once this period has expired, you will be considered non-members.

I invite you to visit our new website at: www.association-chabot.com and send us your feedback.

If you are interested in receiving the newsletter via the internet, send your confirmation to the following address: association-chabot@videotron.ca

The Management of your Association

Andre Chabot, countryside garage owner



Andre Chabot in front of his workbench where he spent thousands of hours

Born June 20, 1927 in St. Lazare de Bellechasse, Andre is the son of Alphee Chabot and Eugenie Chabot, both native of this parish. On September 8, 1948, he married Laurette Henry in Honfleur, Bellechasse. Laurette is the daughter of Wilfrid Henry and Albertine Labonte. To this marriage were born seven children: Marcellin, Denis Bertrand, Celine, Raymonde, Herman, and Johanne Chabot.

A child of war, Andre was 12 years old when World War II was starting. He saw his brother Maurice, the eldest of the family, enter training at Valcartier and Montmagny Canadian Force Base when the conscription was announced. The war was just ending when he decided to

purchase a garage. This merciless war that claimed thousands of lives among young men from Quebec had the positive effect to bring a certain prosperity and to increase the production of vehicles of all kinds. The time was, therefore, appropriate to provide a repair service for these machines that would soon invade Quebec roads, which at that time, were still mostly gravel.

Andre Chabot is my brother. Now aged 87, he still lives in St. Lazare de Bellechasse in a modest house that his brother Adrien helped him to build just before his marriage in the summer of 1948. It is a simple man, motivated by his lifelong passion for mechanic.

Being the youngest of my family, born seven years after my older sister, Carmelle, I kept a few memories of the comings and goings of my brothers and sisters at the time of my childhood. So I wanted to know more about the youth of this admirable brother and the origin of his passion for mechanic which never died. So I asked him to give me an outline of his life. The summary was made with the help of his wife Laurette, who is still at his side after 66 years. Laurette took notes and transcribed his words (they were on the front cover of our issue N°. 26 of the *Chabotteries*),



Childhood and adolescence

We can say that I was a good child. I loved school and I succeeded well. I clearly remembered the names of my primary school teachers: Marie-Ange Cote, Bernadette Dion, and Bernadette Dumas.

I was lucky to have good parents who were fair to all my family members. They were able to give me a good education and good training to prepare myself to have a great life.

At the time of my childhood, money was scarce; and we often had to make our toys ourselves. I remember, for example, the metal hoop that we recovered from an old barrel that we would roll with a stick that allowed us to guide the hoop. We used it to lead the

cows in the meadow, and then rested at the end of the chase. Fortunately we had Adrien, my older brother, who was imaginative, innovative, and always full of ideas (not always excellent ones). He made all sorts of gadgets just for the fun of it. I remember, for example that he made a car by using the wheels of an old tank wheels instead of tires and gunny bag to simulate the body, which was equipped with a mechanism that allowed us to steer. At one point, he had built a *small car* imitating those used on all farms) with which we played a lot.

In summer, we did not only play...We liked to go picking small wild strawberries and blueberries which mom made into delicious pies...(the smell and taste tickles my taste buds just talking about it)...In winter, I liked to go tobogganing with my brothers and other children in the neighborhood. When I was eleven or twelve, I loved to slide with a Jumper (made by nailing a seat to the top of a log and then nailing that to a smooth sleigh) that we could control with our feet. When we were older, we had fun hitting the slopes on skis that were made by ingenious Adrien. I'm told, there is a copy of it that belongs to my nephew Charles Henri on my father's farm.

In 1939, I had to leave school after my seventh grade, at the age of 11 or 12 years. I was injured when a horse kicked me during a ride in the cart. I had to abstain from walking, because of the pain (even if dad grumbled a little because he found me being very lazy and too much sensitive), and that is how my school ended...

Around the age of 12 or 13 years, I baby-sat the children of our neighbor Mr. Labbe. A little bit later, I helped him to bring in the hay. At home, I did the tasks that my parents gave me: I get in the firewood, bring the cows to the field and bring back them, milk them, make hay, and other small ongoing jobs on the farm.

The emergence of a passion

I have often been asked about the origin of my interest and my passion for mechanics ..It originates from far away... My first experience was to completely disassemble the engine of a stationary vehicle (that of a Chevrolet 4-cylinder) and to fix it. After reassembled it (it was in winter in the barn), it ran smoothly, to the astonishment of dad who had doubts about my ability to put all the pieces together such as a puzzle.

Soon after, I had to be sixteen or seventeen years old, I bought a 1929 Chevrolet and had the opportunity to learn all the secrets of mechanics.

In the fall of that year, I went with my brother Adrien, in my beautiful Chevrolet to Quebec to sell fox skins which he was breeding. On the way, I broke down in the village of St. Anselme, close to a garage belonging to a certain Evangeliste Beanger. It was past closing hours, and the latter said he could not do the repair, but would allow me to use his garage if I wanted to do it myself. During the night, my brother Adrien and I removed the defective part which was the transmission shaft (drive shaft). The next day, we hit the road to Quebec to get us a new one and in the evening, after our return, everything was repaired by 10 o'clock.

When It came time to pay for the service, Mr. Bélanger asked me where I had learned about mechanics. I told him that the little I knew I had learned by myself, and that I was looking for a job to learn more and improve myself. He then commented that he was going to need someone to help the following February (in that time traffic was very limited in the winter months, the garages the same), and that he would contact me when the time came. He kept his promise, and I worked for him for about three years, until 1945.

I had to find another income to house and feed me, because with the meager salary of \$7.00 a



The garage built by his brother Adrien he bought in 1946 and where he began to practice his profession in 1947.

week, Mr. Belanger was paying me less than the percentage he was holding to repay the toolbox that he had given me, I could not have done it if dad did not support me a little financially, cutting into the thin farm income. The owner of the local hotel, located next to the Quebec Central Station, had reservations about hiring me because he was worried that I would arrive at the hotel all filthy among his well dressed customers making them uncomfortable. He agreed to hire me anyway, for \$7.00 a week. He gave me a small room on the third floor on the condition that I take my three meals alone in the kitchen and I take care of the washing and maintenance of my clothes. He never had to regret his decision, because during the three years I remained there, I repeatedly rendered myself useful by, during my evenings, doing small jobs: shoveling coal, storing empty bottles, etc.

My first garage

I purchased my first garage from M. Roland Bilo-deau while it was being built by my brother Adrien. He finished the work after I had acquired it. The Credit Union (Caisse Populaire) and an individual loaned me the funds necessary for the purchase. Begun in 1946, construction was completed in January 1947. My first job was to repair a large truck that was stored in the garage for the winter.



The garage Herman Chabot built near that of his father in 1984 and which bears his name.

The beginnings

The first few years, there was a lot of work and there were just the two of us, my brother Adrien and myself, to answer the demand, day and night, six days a week. All was well, and meanwhile I acquired a gas dealership, *Champlain Company*, that had installed pumps in my yard. But one day, Adrien, father of an increasingly large family, had the opportunity to work for *Davie Shipbuilding* in Lauzon.* They could offer a much higher salary than existed in our villages. Thereafter, until 1954, I had an employee to assist me.

A small detour

In 1954, I decided to work in the nearby village of St. Anselme to create a cooperative garage that was destined for the sale and maintenance of farm tractors and farm machinery to a known dealer. The salary they offered me was tempting, and I worked at this place until 1959, with the opportunity to hone my skill and experience in the field of administration and management.

During these years, my children were growing up and my wife, Laurette, did not spare her attention to give each one what they needed. She was happy when I came home at night, because she had some things to tell me about their activities and sometimes their little pranks.



Andre and his son Denis repairing (rewiring)
Electric motors

Homecoming

From 1959 to 1960 I renovated the garage to make it more comfortable, installing, among other things, a more efficient heating system. I took the time to put in a garage office. At home with the help of Laurette, I started to repair electric motors (replacing the wire—rewiring the coil and other worn parts). Thereafter, the routine was resumed in the garage. From that moment, I majored in development and repairing electrical problems, because it allowed me to work standing at a bench and not in dirty, dripping cars.

I continued to manage the garage with a few employees until 1967 when my son Denis joined me. He specialized in the repair and refurbishment of electric motors and other small electrical devices. Very clever and resourceful, fast in business, and imaginative, he found solutions to problems and even invented devices while solving them. When, I retired, around 1985, he left the garage, already feeling the symptoms of the relentless disease, Multiple Sclerosis. He continued his small home repairs of electric motors and during a couple of years I gave him a little of my help. Then, unable to continue, he stopped all activity. He died, carried away by the disease on January 3, 2000. In the meantime, I had closed my garage, but still did odd jobs for about two years.

* *Davie Shipbuilding* is an historic shipbuilding company located in Lauzon, Quebec, Canada. The facility is now operating as *Chantier Davie Canada Inc.* *Davie* is Canada's largest and highest capacity shipyard and one of the largest shipbuilders in North America.

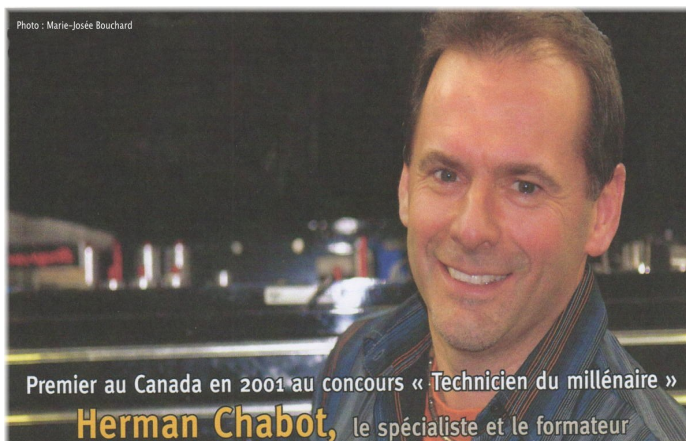


Photo : Marie-Josée Bouchard
Premier au Canada en 2001 au concours « Technicien du millénaire »
Herman Chabot, le spécialiste et le formateur

Herman Chabot, first in Canadian in 2001 competition
“Technician of the Millennium”

Ten questions posed to Herman Chabot after he took first place in the competition of the millennium

Your biggest dream? Live to the age of 100 (in great shape) and realize all my projects	Your future projects? Return possibly in part-time automobile training to give in heritage what I learnt	What do you think of the environment? It is not our governments business, but it's concern all of us to stop pollution for the future of our children
What's really motivate you? Solve a problem that others are not able to identify	Your greatest strenght? My patience	Your favorite hobby? Carpentry
What's bring you most happiness? To help someone in need	Your most rewarding experience? The technician "Millennium contest" AC Delco	What do you think of preventive maintenance on a car? In perfect agreement with this and as the proverb said: Prevention is better than cure
		Which other profession you would like to do? Automobile columnist

Father to son

As for Herman, the youngest of my sons, he also worked with me in my garage. In 1976, when he was 18, he finished his college studies in mechanics. Like me, he was a passionate mechanic and had an ambition of owning his own garage, which he finally built a hundred feet from mine, in St. Lazare de Bellechasse, Quebec, in 1984.

Electronic taking more and more space in the world of auto mechanics, he decided to specialize in this field. He learned english and took electronic training courses in U.S.A. He became, through hard work, a specialist in the detection of electronic problems. He participated in prestigious competitions in this field, winning 1st prize in 2001 in the millennia eastern Quebec Contest and finished 4th in North America. He manages his garage, with his wife and three employees, his phone ringing off the hook; because his fame extends well beyond the county. He is constantly called by a major automotive consortium to offer training courses for engineers across Quebec. Like me, he is still passionate about the research of the causes of problems and corrective measures to address them.

Obviously, I am proud that my son holds a trade that I've always loved to practice and who passionate me even today. Even if I didn't not have had the opportunity to study in mechanics, I find

difficult to keep up with technology in the field of automotive electronics. But the fact that my son's garage is near there allows me, at close to 87 years old, to keep abreast of recent developments in the field and to keep a steady hand, especially since I often assist him in small tasks in his garage. He is always happy to come to me for advice on how to proceed to solve a particular problem, especially regarding the mechanics of yesterday."

This is a very brief summary of the life of a man who began his life and career which was more difficult than ours in many ways. He knew, after all, to create his own business and grow it until the age of retirement and pass on his passion and love for work to his son. Because of the qualities he passed on to his sons and daughters, his life has been full. Everyone proudly walks in his footsteps!



Marcel Chabot



Five generations for this family of Wisconsin, USA



Left to right: Lynn Chabot-Long, Richard T. Santarius Jr., Lucille M. Chabot, and Ava Rayne Smith in the arms of her mother, Jazmine M. Santarius.

Ava Rayne Smith, this little bundle of joy, was born on November 5th, 2014 at the Children's Hospital of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, WI, USA.

The proud mother is Jazmine M. Santarius, daughter of Richard T. Santarius Jr., son of Lynn Chabot-Long. Lynn is the youngest child of the late Alfred (died in 2011) and Lucille Chabot. This family now counts five generations. Between the day great-great-grandmother Lucille was born in 1921 and the birth of Ava, 93 years have passed, almost a century.

Lynn Chabot-Long and Diane Chabot-Pard

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